THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. *Philadelphia, Saturday, February* 27, 1808. No. 9.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

——quâ me quoque possim
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.
LA FONTAINE.

(*Continued from page* 115.)

LETTER IV.

Geneva.

My dear E——,

THE next day brought with it all the wonders we expected. A variety of figures, moving along the streets, attracted our attention, but none more forcibly than the fruit-women, with high caps of stiff muslin, with long waists, short petticoats, and mounted upon asses. In our neighbourhood was one of the most frequented walks, which upon going to we found thronged with original figures, who crowded along, whilst we, like the scholar and the devil upon two sticks, made our observations at full liberty without any danger of being attended to, or understood. In a few days, we became acquainted with the city; but it was necessary before we could indulge our curiosity without restraint, that we should appear at the commune to be examined, as to our object in coming to France, and our intentions for the future; it was here, that after a very scrutinizing examination of our persons, they gave us passports in which we saw ourselves very particularly described; me, they represented as tall and thin with some grey hairs, a pointed nose and a forked chin; I will not tell you how they described others of our company, as the description was not such as you would know them by; but I ought, in justice to the man of the quill before whom we appeared, to inform you, that perceiving your sister's embarrassment, as her turn approached, he was so considerate as to wave the ceremony of examining her features, and described her, in general terms.

When France, under the name of Gaul, was a Roman province, Bourdeaux was a considerable town, and many of the towers, which flanked

the walls, and, in some places, part of the wall itself, are still to be traced. Some remains of an amphitheatre are also to be seen, and I am told that there are other vestiges of those distant times: in succeeding ages, but many centuries after, it devolved as part of Aquitane to Henry II, of England in right of his wife Eleanor; and it was here that for fourteen years, the gallant Black Prince held his court. It was to Bourdeaux that he transferred his royal prisoner after the battle of Poitiers, and thence that he began his last expedition into Spain. His palace no longer exists, but the spot on which it stood was pointed out to me, and I confess to you that I approached the altar of the ancient church of St. Seurin with somewhat more of devout respect, when I was told, that it was from that very altar that the Black Prince received the oriflamb previously to the brilliant campaign in which his courage, great as it was, appeared even in that military age, his smallest merit. After nearly three hundred years of possession the English were driven out of Bourdeaux, and there now remains no mark of their domination but two large and venerable churches, (built in that style of stupendous architecture, which is connected with nothing else, in those ignorant ages,) and a street called St. James's.

In the history of the civil wars with France, I had read a great deal concerning Bourdeaux, and now examined every spot, connected with those times, with attention: the Ormee, where the friends of the popular party used to meet, the Chateau Trompette, where the celebrated Madame de Maintenon was born, and the Gate Dijaux, which the Dukes de la Rochefoucault and Bouillon defended with such desperate valour against the royal army. Immediately out of this gate is the square where the guillotine was erected, and where so much of the best blood of Bourdeaux was spilled, during the revolution, by a set of infernal wretches in the shape of men. It was now crowded with peaceful sellers of fruit, and vegetables, some of whom were pretty, and in whose countenances there was nothing connected with either war or cruelty. The time of war, and a war so unequally carried on by sea, was an unfortunate period for a stranger to visit this celebrated place; still, however, amidst melancholy accounts of losses and of bankruptcies, and a visible stagnation of business, there remained great and numerous appearances of opulence throughout the city, whilst a number of hackney coaches in the streets bespoke a continued intercourse from one part of it to another. There were other circumstances, connected also, I fear, with mercantile opulence, of which, all matron as you are, I do not like to attempt a description, and which were not only evident but glaring: I will only say, upon the head of what it may not be proper to enter into a particular description, that prepared as I was to meet with those modes of dress, or rather undress, which I had been shocked with an imitation of in Charleston, the reality was far beyond expectation, and I had to regret for the sake of modesty and of good morals, that the framers of the Constitution of France, had not added a censor to the other Roman names, with which they have chosen to decorate their magistracy. Black eyes, a good-natured cheerful countenance, and a certain obstrusive prodigality of nature, such as you used to admire in the beautiful poultry maiden of Kensington, were everywhere to be seen; but let me add, that we everywhere experienced the charms of that real politeness, which made us feel that we were strangers, only inasmuch as that we were treated with more attention. I could write to you a great deal more of the revolution, and of its cruel effects at the time upon this devoted spot; but the subject would not be a pleasing one, the inhabitants themselves avoid it, and it is better that we should.

(To be continued.)

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

On the Italian Theatre.

Dramatick excellence is still in its infancy among the Italians, the opera always excepted, for which this nation has constantly manifested an extraordinary partiality. About the middle of the last century, the best authours combined their efforts, to carry this species of the drama to the highest perfection; while comedy, or *the dialogue* was left in the hands of the strolling players, and authours of no note.

The character of the people, and the genius of their language, seem to have excluded, among the Italians, the possibility of arriving at the higher eminences of tragedy. Some popular pieces, of this description, are indeed mentioned; as, those of Gian-Battista La Porta, Gravina, and Count Panzuti; but a person, whose taste has been refined by the study of the great models in this art, will scarcely allow them a place among the inferiour productions of mediocrity. The works of Count Alfieri, however, deserve to be mentioned with respect: original ideas, and truly tragick characters are to be found in them; and attention to the rules of composition, and great knowledge of stage effect: but, they are liable to objection, as defective in point of action; and, whatever may be their beauties, they are not relished by the authour's countrymen. The only hope still remaining to the Tragick Muse, in Italy, seems to consist in the partiality, which daily gains ground, for the French language and literature. The elegant productions of Voltaire began to aquire a degree of popularity; and a society of *virtuosi* have exhibited upon the stage of Bologna, the tragedies of *Zaire and Mahomet*.

Comedy has obtained more encouragement and success; and burlesque comedy, more than all. The celebrated Machiavelli was the first who gave the Italians a specimen, in their own language, of regular comedy, and he aquired no small degree of reputation in this line: but none attempted to rival his honours, and it was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that La Porta composed eighteen comedies, all imitations of Plautus; and which, notwithstanding their defects, are entitled to a greater degree of merit than his tragedies. His example was followed by Nicholas Amenta, Frederici, and several others, who, agreeably with the prevailing prejudices of their times, took care to season their pieces with a ludicrous character, and a smattering of some *provincial dialect* or other.

At last, Domemio Liveri, and Goldoni, bravely ventured to oppose the current of popular prejudice; and from them a new epocha in the history of the Italian theatre dates its rise. The first of them, Liveri, banished buffoonery from the stage, together with the use of provincial dialects, and gave us a just picture of the polite world, and of good manners. His rivals continued to amuse the vulgar with their farces; and, though their admirers were not among the most enlightened class of the people, they were the most numerous.

This taste for farces still prevails in Italy, and the theatres devoted to Harlequin and Columbine are to be met with in all the larger and smaller towns. Lelio and Rosaura amuse the publick, by their witticisms, and burlesque scenery.

Besides Liveri, Italy can boast of only two good dramatick writers, Frederici and Goldoni. The comedies of the latter are well known on all the theatres of Europe; and we justly admire that fertility of invention which has enriched the Italian stage with more than two hundred comedies. During his residence at Paris, he composed some others; but, with the exception of the *Whimsical and Benevolent Man*, which has deservedly obtained universal applause, all these inferiour to his earli-

er productions. Goldoni flourished from 1740 to 1760.

Frederici, who filled the two-fold station of writer and performer, was not so fertile as Goldoni; but his writings are more elaborate: the *Duca di Borgogna* is considered as the chief production of his pen.

At the present moment, showy farces enjoy the supreme popularity in Italy. Even the most wretched of the German productions have been translated; such as the *Count of Waltron*, a sort of military exhibition, which has been forgotten in Germany. At Venice, the whole history of Charles XII, and of Peter I, have been exhibited on the stage; even the siege, and battle of Nerva, and Pultova, have been set off with theatrical decorations. The countesses of Lowenhaupt and Kœnigsmark make considerable figures; and the barbarian, Charles XII, talks like a chevalier of the court of Francis I.

In the summer of 1797, a piece, entitled, "Gli Inglesi nella Florida," was given at Naples, with much applause. It was recommended by all the pomp of decoration; fortifications, subterraneous scenery, the whole of the process and operations of mining, sea-fights, &c. &c.

The writings of Goldoni are almost forgotten; but, to make amends for this, the translators lay all foreign countries under contribution, though often without exercising much justice in their choice. Among the pieces that have lately held the rank of favourites, are Webster, some bad translations from Destouches, the Deserter out of Filial Affection, the Oracle from Gellert, the Court of Vallenstein, and the Countryfied Gentleman. As no playbills are issued, the audience is unable to tell to what country belongs the blame of its bad entertainment.

A German settled at Naples for translating the best German works for the Italian theatre. Unfortunately, he began with the Virgin of the Sun, of Kotzebue. The translation was already finished, and the actors had begun to study their parts, when the royal mandate suddenly forbade its representation, on account of some passages offensive to the Church.

Every circumstance contributes to justify the remark with which we set out, that, in the Italian theatre, taste is yet in its infancy. The best judges agree in the fact, imputing it to the reigning passion for the Opera, which so exclusively prevails among the upper classes. At Florence, Venice, and Naples, people of rank only visit the playhouse two or three times in a year, while the Opera is attended with eagerness.

In the year 1798, there were four distinct companies of performers at Naples: each company had an Opera of its own, which acted every other day upon the same theatre, so that three days in the week were set apart for the Opera, and three for the representation of plays. The first of these companies, which might be considered as the best in Italy, was known by the appellation of Gli Florentini; the second performed on the theatre Del Fondo di Separazione; the third on that of Ponte Nuovo; and the fourth gave an exhibition of farces, in a cave near the Lago di Castello, and on the Teatro Nuovo. Each of these four companies had its good actor. One of them was a *lover*, a second a *servant maid*, another an *old man*, but all together they did not form a complete set. In the same year, there were no less than five companies of opera performers, and four of actors of plays at Venice, who performed daily during the Carnival. Two companies of the latter description adhered to the old system of five masks, that is, in each of their representations there was an old man a doctor, a harlequin, and a *pickle herring*. The two others only brought forward splendid exhibitions, such as that of Charles 12. The genius of Goldoni was visible nowhere.

During the Carnival of 1797 and 1798, different companies associated

at Florence, Genoa, &c. These associations were commonly dissolved at the end of the Carnival.

At Genoa, in those years, none besides political pieces were brought upon the stage, full of sarcasms upon the ancient government. In one of the dramas exhibited, the principal character was an ex-noble, who, during the long course of five acts, discharged the duties of a municipal officer, and, in the *denouement*, married his son to a handsome burgher, of whom the youth had been secretly enamoured. This piece, though very long, was greatly applauded.

In another piece, entitled, *The aristocrats at the baths of Pisa*, the Genoese emigrants, who in a meeting at these baths formed counter-revolutionary projects, were ridiculed. This farce also met with much success.

For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Hopkins and Co. of this city, have published in the form of a periodical Pamphlet, the Seven first numbers of an Eccentrick work, entitled "The Life and Observations of STEPHEN STARE, Esquire, of Philadelphia, written by himself, containing much instruction and amusement." His initial number written in evident imitation of the manner of Sterne. As it would be exceedingly unfair to judge of the various merits of Tristram Shandy, from the wildness and obscurity of his first chapters, so it would be illiberal and unjust to condemn Mr. Stare, for want of Logick, although in this specimen of his performance, he does not appear to be in one strain for three sentences together. Still he has many sallies of pleasantry, and exhibits proofs of ability as a writer. From the purest sources, we are assured that he is a youth of natural endowments, and academical acquirements, and that if he is permitted to feel the warm sunshine of publick favour will not disgrace himself or his country. His object is playful satire against the caprices of fashion and the absurdities of the hour, and we cordially hope that he may be induced to task his powers and do justice to his topicks. Let him beware of obscurity, the great defect of his prototype; and instead of plodding along the car rut of imitation trust to his own native vigour and indulge in all the rambles of excessive fancy.

Now in the press of C. and A. Conrad and Co. and will be shortly published, a work entitled "Register of Arts; or a compendious view of some of the most useful Modern Discoveries and Inventions, by THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN, authour of Terrible Tractoration, &c.

The following circular letter, addressed by Mr. Fessenden, to some of the most eminent Philosophers, Artists and Manufacturers in the United States, will sufficently elucidate the object of the proposed publication.

Philadelphia,

Sir,

Being about to publish a work, to be entitled, "Register of Arts, or a Compendious view of some of the most useful Modern Discoveries and Inventions," I am solicitous to obtain the literary aid of such ingenious and scientifick men as may be disposed to encourage the undertaking.

In the proposed work it will be my aim,

I. To collect and in some instances abridge from European Philosophical Journals, whatever may be judged to be of practical utility in America, relating to Natural Philosophy, Chymistry, Agriculture and the Arts.

II. To give a description of the most important Inventions, Discoveries and Improvements in Philosophy and the Arts, which are the fruits of American genius. This part of the work is intended to include a state-

ment of the origin, progress and present state of American Manufactures and Manufactories; an account of the most remarkable bridges, canals, turnpike roads, agricultural improvements, patent inventions, and other products of American industry and ingenuity.

The editor has received assurances of being favoured with the aid of a number of gentlemen in this place, who are eminent for their skill and acquisitions in the arts, and those sciences which relate to the objects of his proposed publication, and flatters himself that the utility of a work of this description is so obvious that gentlemen of similar attainments, throughout the United States will be induced to make the "Register of Arts" the vehicle of such communications on the abovementioned subjects as they may think will be of publick utility.

The work will be printed in a handsome octavo of about four hundred pages, and should adequate encouragement and support be given, will be continued annually.

Original papers will be published with or without the name of the authour, at his option; and a list of the names of avowed authours will be given at the end of the volume, together with an index referring to its contents.

Any communication which you may be pleased to favour me with, will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged by,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS G. FESSENDEN.

Communications for the Register of Arts to be addressed, post paid, to the editor, No. 209, South Second-street, or to C. and A. Conrad and Co. Philadelphia.

Such Artists and others, as have made any interesting discoveries or improvements in the Arts or Sciences connected with the object of this work, will, it is conceived not only promote the good of the publick, but subserve their own interests by making the "Register of Arts" the vehicle for giving them more extensive publicity than they would obtain by advertising in the Newspapers and other fugitive publications.

For The Port Folio.

CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(*Continued from page* 123.)

Suetonius Tranquillus wrote the Lives of the twelve Cæsars, with the same freedom that they led them, as is commonly observed. Instead of a grave and continued narrative he has collected all he could learn of them under certain general heads. He does not seem to have been ambitious of the character of a regular and eloquent historian, but to have intended barely to preserve the knowledge of facts for the instruction of posterity who might make their own reflections. The horrid characters that he draws from the life, and the discovery he makes of the gigantick vices of the Roman Emperours, is enough to make a decent reader ashamed of human nature, the corruption of which appears in its proper colours in the life of absolute sovereigns, whose inclinations were not under any restraint from others, and who possessed the riches of the world for the gratification of their passions. Those lives must have been scandalous indeed, which no modest man would choose to read in company, though Mr. Clarke, of Hull, translated them into English for the use of schools. Great diligence was necessary for collecting such a number of Anecdotes, in an age wherein the memory of events was much interrupted by frequent revolutions. The style of Suetonius is plain and unaffected, and bears all the marks of truth and impartiality. He may be read with profit by those who would trace the evils of arbitrary government, but ought by no means to be recommended to youth.

Juvenal and Persius, who are generally to be found in the same volume, are supposed to have wrote in the time of Domitian. Juvenal appears to have been a person of ardent and sincere virtue, and an admirer of the simplicity of ancient manners. His satires express the indignation of a generous mind against the vices of a base and degenerate age. He acknowledges that it was indignation that made him a poet. Satirists in all ages have been accused of misanthropy, especially by those who have been, or may be the objects of their censure. But certainly the hatred of vice is as essential to a good character as the love of virtue, so that the commonplace remarks

against satirists seem to be extremely ill-founded. The man who is sociable with vice, is not far surely from the commission of it, and the person who is indifferent about virtue, is not likely to continue long in its service. *Scilicet uni æguus virtuti atque ejus amicis*, is a sensible rule of Horace, who certainly was no man-hater. Juvenal imitated the boldness and severity of Lucilius, rather than the soft and courtly manner of Horace, though by no means destitute of wit, he rarely attempts to turn vice into ridicule. The justness of his sentiments, the strength of his expressions, and the generous indignation at every vice, which is conspicuous in all his satires are justly admired. He excels in description, and his account of the introduction of the Mullet-fish to the court of Domitian, affords an excellent specimen of the mock Heroick. Juvenal, Seneca and Lucian, are almost the only ancient writers that seem to have had any notion of what is called humour in modern language. Something of it is to be seen in one of the Idyllia of Theocritus, in which he represents the conversation of the Sicilian women. Unhappily for Juvenal, the standard of decent language, even among the people of virtue, appears to have been exceeding low in his times. Hence in describing virtuous conduct he becomes indelicate and offensive to modest ears. Most of his satires however are free from this censure, but indelicacy seems to have been the common vice of those times.

Persius had more wit as well as more delicacy than Juvenal, but his dark allusions and perplexed phrase throws great obscurity over his sentiments. He introduces himself as a person who wrote for daily bread, though that was neither his case, nor indeed so gainful a profession then, as it has become in our times. The fear which Juvenal and Persius entertained of the resentment of tyrants constrained them to write in a dark style, though perhaps that very obscurity greatly recommended their work, to their cotemporaries, who from their knowledge of persons, were able to explain the allusions, and gave themselves credit for their ingenuity, while they admired that of the poet. Persius has had many commentators, and the celebrated Mr. Sheridan has performed the laborious task of rendering him faithfully into English.

Martial was a Spaniard, born at Bilboa, in Gallicia. He was a cook by profession, and though afterwards polished by learning, seemed always to have retained a great deal of the manners and language of the kitchen. Whence there are more hard words in his works than in any Latin authour, except the elder Pliny. Perhaps it was his skill in cookery that *recommended him to Domitian*, by whom he was made a Roman Knight and received the Jus trium Liberorum. He was a professed wit as well as a cook, and his epigrams are in a variety of tastes, though seldom destitute of a sprinkling more or less, of that attick salt. Though epigram is the lowest species of poetry, it has a large extent and variety, and is not incapable of elegance and ornament. Martial did not want genius, judgment, nor vanity, nor was he without learning. He professes a great veneration for the younger Pliny, who greatly deserved it. Some of his epigrams deserve great praise, many of them are prostituted to the purpose of flattery and more to lust, and indecency. He gives a high encomium to Regulus, whom Pliny, more worthy of credit, represents as one of the basest of men. A selection of his epigrams for the use of Westminster school, which excludes all the indecent ones, is very proper to be put into the hands of youth. Mr. Elphinstone of Kensington has lately given a poetical translation of Martial, in the preface to which he calls him the most ingenious, chaste, and virtuous of the Roman Poets.

(*To be continued.*)

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following appears as an Advertisement, in "The Traveller," (a London paper,) of Feb. 11, 1807.

"Ladies, who have fixed their affections, but have never avowed their prepossession, may be instructed how to obtain their wishes. Any gentlemen, who have yet formed a predilection for a Lady, may be assisted in obtaining her. Those who have yet formed no attachment, may have objects pointed out to them, and aided in gaining them, by a Lady whose connexions enable her to effect what she undertakes; but she will not use her influence but for persons of unquestionable character.

Apply, or address (post paid) to Mrs. Morris, at the bow window, next door to Margaret Chapel, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

Mrs. Morris is not at liberty to refer to those she has served; but whoever applies to her will be convinced that she is employed by persons of high respectability.

The Subscriber intends to collect his debts, the easiest and best way he can, he therefore gives this timely notice, to all whom it may concern, that unless they pay him before the 1st of *September next*, he does not say he will put them into an Attorney's hand for collection, but *will sell them*, to a certain person, who will give him the money for them. Think this not to be an idle advertisement, none will be excused, but by a particular agreement.

DANIEL BROOKS.

A late Cornwall Gazette contains the following singular advertisement :

"FIRE—SMOKE !—A CARD.

"Sampy Sonnet, sole executor and residing legatee of the late Mr. Jarman, chimney sweeper, begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Penzance, that he has succeeded to the brushes and brooms, and (he humbly hopes) to the abilities of his benefactor. Sampy flatters himself, that those ladies and gentlemen who may favour him with their commands, will see his efforts marked by the same nicety of touch and dexterity of manner, *precision* of *movement*, and *harmony* of *handling*, which distinguished the execution of his never-to-be-sufficiently lamented predecessour.

"Among his sires
In yonder grove the Druid sleeps;
But blaze, ye fires,
For in his room
A Sampy wields the broom,
And with a kindred skill, a kindred genius sweeps.

"Vide the tears of Sancred, a Monody on the death of Mr. Jarman."

"N. B. Smoky Chimnies cured on Count Rumford's principle. Gates fixed, and their aperient angles ascertained with the greatest accuracy, whether intended for *culinary* or for *vestal* purposes—to *roast a goose*, or warm an *old maid*."

MORTUARY.

Died on Monday, the 25th, of January, in the 71st year of her age, Mrs. RACHEL PEARCE, wife of Henry Ward Pearce, Esq. of the State of Maryland, at present residing in this city. Mrs. Pearce was the only surviving child, of the numerous family of Tench Francis, who, somewhat more than half a century ago, was attorney general of this state, and recorder of the city of Philadelphia. She was remarkable for a warmth of feeling, which led to acts of frequent benevolence, and a spriteliness of mind which rendered her society endearing, not only to her friends, but even to those with whom she had not the slightest acquaintance. Her death has caused sorrow to many, but chiefly to an affectionate husband, to whom for more than thirty years she had been united.—To him the loss is irreparable. Her body, attended by her relations and a number of respectable itizens, was interred on Wednesday last, in the vault of her family in Christ-Church burial ground.

DIED,

At Martinique, on the 4th of Jan. 1808, in the 43d year of his age, Major *Ulrick Rivardi*, husband of Mrs. Maria Rivardi, of this city. This gentleman was educated in the military college of Colmar, in France, and entered the Russian service, at the age of 18. At the taking of Oczacow, in the war between the Turks and Russians, while aid-de-camp to the celebrated Gen. Suwarrow, he received several wounds, and one particularly severe, in his breast. In this action he distinguished himself in such a manner, that although he was obliged, by the injuries to which his bravery had exposed him, to quit so cold a climate, he retired from the army with the rank of captain, and a pension for life; this he forfeited by entering the American service, and was appointed by Gen. Washington, Major in the first regiment of artillerists and engineers—He retained this commission until the army was reduced.

His health having declined of latter years, he was advised to revisit the West-Indies, where, on a former occasion, he had received much benefit; but immediately after his arrival at Martinique, he was attacked by an apoplexy, and survived it only a few days.

In his character were united all the amiable traits which distinguish the soldier, the scholar, and the gentleman; and to urbanity, learning, and acomplishments, were added the endearing virtues of an affectionate heart. He has left three children to the care and exertions of an afflicted widow.

BIOGRAPHY.

Arthur Maynwaring, of Ightfield, Shropshire, was a member of the very ancient, and truly respectable family of Maynwaring, of Over-Peover in Cheshire, who were of Norman origin; and the son of Charles, and grandson of Sir Arthur Maynwaring, a favourite of Henry, Prince of Wales. This gentleman was born at Ightfield, in 1668; educated at the grammar school at Shrewsbury; and was afterwards placed under the tuition of Dr. Smallridge, at Christchurch, Oxford. Leaving the university, he went to reside in Cheshire, with his uncle, Francis Cholmondley, Esq. Mr. Maynwaring's application to polite literature was as great, as his attainments were extraordinary. As an heir-apparent it was necessary for him to think of engaging in some scheme of life, and he therefore went to London with intent to study the law. It does not appear that he was ever a member of any law society, but pursued a course of reading proper for that profession in his father's house in Essex-street. His family, much in the court of the sovereigns of the House of Stuart, were enemies to the Revolution; he, consequently, imbibed their sentiments, and wrote and acted in behalf of the exiled King. Accomplished in his manners, and a wit, the first circles courted his company; and he became intimately acquainted with the Duke of Somerset, and the Earls of Dorset and Burlington, who, showing him the necessity of the Revolution in its proper light, he became a convert to their political sentiments; though he made no efforts to obtain a part in the administration, but continued his study of the law, under his father's roof, till he was about the age of twenty-five or twenty-six, when the death of his parent put him in possession of an hereditary estate of 800*l.* per annum; which was, however, but a nominal income, the mortgages on it being to a very considerable amount. Mr. Maynwaring visited Paris after the peace of Ryswick; and possessing an elevated mind, he could not travel without improvement. When he returned he was greatly caressed, and highly deserved the admiration of his friends. The Kit Cat Club elected him a member, and his chastened wit enlivened their meetings. Mr. Maynwaring, in the reign of King William, was appointed a Commissioner of the Customs, on the resignation of Sir William Young, by the interest of Lord Halifax and the Duke of Somerset. This place he held, probably, till he was elected a member of Parliament; but whether he then vacated it voluntarily for that purpose, or was removed, is not mentioned. That he filled it with ability and satisfaction to the publick whilst he was in it, appears from the concluding lines of a satire on that board, under the title of a "Petition of the Distressed Merchants of London, &c. to the Lord High Treasurer;" in which his name is the only one of seven that is not severely treated; but is, on the contrary, distinguished thus with particular approbation:

"And that no grain of merit fall by this petition,
"Leave Maynwaring only to grace the commission."

His income was inconsiderable, compared with his talents and acquirements. The treasurer Godolphin observed this, and determined to bring him forward in the world. That nobleman privately negotiated with Mr. Done; and, at the expense of several thousand pounds, obtained his resignation of the office of auditor of the imprest. When he had accomplished this, he procured a patent for it, and, to the no small surprise of Mr. Maynwaring, presented it to him. This was an act equally honourable to Godolphin and Maynwaring, which occurred in the beginning of the reign of Queen Ann: whether he had sold Ightfield to Lord Kilmurray before this period, does not appear; but he represented Preston in Lancashire, in the Parliaments called in the year 1705 and

1708. His literary works deservedly gained him great reputation, and he was generally supposed one of the best political writers in Britain. The "Medley," was chiefly written by him. Sir Richard Steele observed, in his dedication of the first volume of the "Tatler," when speaking of the design of the work, under the assumed name of Isaac Bickerstaff, it was "to expose all false arts of life; to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation; and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour:" and adds, with a truth not common to dedications, that "no man has a better judgment for the discovery, or a nobler spirit for the contempt, of all imposture, than yourself; which qualities render you the most proper patron for the authour of these essays." He caught a cold in visiting the Duchess of Marlborough at St Alban's, by walking too late in the evening; this brought on a consumption which baffled all the skill of Garth, Blackmore, and even Radcliffe. Never was so much anxiety expressed for a private gentleman. When the last physician was called in, Lord Treasurer Oxford said, "Pray, doctor, take care of that gentleman, as one of the most valuable lives in England;" and the "greatest lady in England wept often at his bed-side." Dying at St. Alban's, November 13, 1712, aged 44, he was buried with his father and grandfather, at Chertsey in Surry, where they had possessed considerable property. Mr. Maynwaring was a proof that the best understanding, with the aid of wit, and all the gusto of taste, was not incompatible with business. In direct opposition to Steele, he proved that wit, the most pointed, required not the aid of profaneness to illustrate it; and religion with him, was a sanctuary which he never violated: nor did he think the clergy were marks at which wits and no wits were entitled to shoot their arrows. He died unmarried, but left a son by Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress, to whom he gave his baptismal and surname. His property was divided between this son, Mrs. Oldfield, and his sister. The "Examiner" took the lead in reflecting upon his memory, for having made such a will; but it was defended by several, particularly Mr. Walpole.* His life and works were published in 1715, in 8vo. with a dedication to Mr. Walpole, signed I. O. most likely John Oldmixon, a noted, but neglected writer for the whig party.

For The Port Folio.

THE INSTITUTION OF CHIVALRY.

Society, in its progression from a state of barbarism to that of refinement, has been constantly either hastened or retarded by an almost infinitude of physical and moral causes. The inhospitable climate of the polar region has almost congealed both the intellect and body of its inhabitants, and confined the ranges of both within the impenetrable barriers of eternal mountains of ice. During the long period of nearly six thousand years, the desert sands of the torrid zone have been traversed by a race of beings, whose sublimest aspirations of genius have scarce yet risen to the first rudiments of literature or morals. The customs, the manners, and the various institutions of the different nations of the world, have all tended either in a direct or remote degree, to temper or increase the asperities of the human character, and to elevate or debase the dignity of man. But scarce any cause whatever, has arisen from a purer source, or operated with a more salutary influence, than the *Institution of Chivalry*.

When the immense swarms which issued from the "*Northern hive*," rushed down with resistless impetu-

* Afterwards Sir Robert Walpole, ultimately Earl of Orford.

osity from the Alps, and laid waste the ancient mistress of the world, a period succeeded, which is emphatically marked on the page of history, as an age of intellectual and moral darkness.

The literary adventurer travels with admiration along the vast field of ancient greatness; with mingled astonishment and delight, he visits the Academian grove, or the Senate house of Rome; for he there beholds the glory of man and the grandeur of human genius. But this period is a wide and lonely wilderness, which he approaches with a reluctant step. It is a wild, where no cheering object "floats upon the gaze," no manna feeds him, no pillar of fire guides his wandering footsteps.

A few solitary geniuses, arising by their own native energy, sometimes soar above the common level of dullness and corruption. But they arise merely as so many meteors of night, which appearing at distant intervals, flash, for a moment, on the view of the bewildered traveller, and leave him to grope his way, in the gloom of tenfold darkness.

At a moment like this, when the muses were dumb, and the monuments of science and the arts were broken down; when the arm of civil power was palsied; and Confusion in its wildest form, pervaded the regions of Europe, a chosen band of brothers, the gallant spirits of the age, entwined together, by a community of disinterested affection, volunteered in the expiring cause of liberty and man. The disposer of all things was pleased to bestow upon them, a distinguishing preeminence above the vulgar herd; and their rank, their character, and talents would have given them an exalted stand among the proudest of tyrants. They possessed the wildfire of enterprize peculiar to uncultivated times, without either the fierceness of the savage, or a thirst for conquest and desolation. Their ambition was that of the benevolent philanthropist, who amidst a thousand dangers, labours to extend the domination of reason and heal the wounds of the afflicted.

Religion, honour, virtue, humanity, were the broad basis of their fabrick; the cement which bound them together, the polestar which guided them in their course. It was their misfortune to be cast upon the theatre of the world, when the courtesies of life were forgotten; when the integrity of man was disregarded; and religion debased by the sullen gloom of superstition or the wildness of fanaticism. But the spirit of chivalry taught men to bear with fortitude, evils which cannot be surmounted, and to eradicate those which have arisen from vice and folly. Whenever the courteous knight sallied forth from his castle, it was to turn aside the dagger of the assassin; to break the fetters of oppression; to assert the cause of honour; and especially to defend the virtue of the fair. Were any forsaken by ingratitude, and abandoned to poverty and sorrow; such never found the hand of charity frozen and nerveless. The cavalier administered relief to their wants; and his valiant arm avenged their wrongs. Were there any, who had buffetted with ill success, the adverse tide of life; who had sunk beneath the lash of pride and power; or had been "trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude?" to such, the institution of Chivalry afforded protection, where no hostile arm could reach them; it was a castle of defence, from whose lofty battlements, they could smile upon the storm, which was raging beneath them, and hear, unmoved, the thunder rolling harmless at their feet. Chivalry was a hospitable retreat for the widow and the orphan, and a shelter for the houseless stranger: it was an immense tree, whose branches covered the earth, under whose cooling shade, the wearied pilgrim might repose in security and silence. The spirit of Chivalry, which is the genuine "spirit of a gentleman," cherished a purity of manners, and a chastity of sentiment and morals; it kept

alive, in an age of wars and revolutions, a regard for personal honour and integrity; while government was yet unformed, it produced order; and inspired whatever heart it touched, with feelings of humanity and friendship. "But the age of Chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded."

E. F*****.

For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. B. B. Hopkins and Co. have published, a very valuable book for the use of the junior Students, in our Universities, entitled "Elements of Logick, by John Andrews, D. D. Vice-Provost, of the University of Pennsylvania. The *Second* edition with corrections and additions. Of the first edition of this little treatise, we spoke in terms of strong encomium, in one of the first volumes of this paper. The learned authour who is distinguished for the soundness of his judgment, as well as for his scientifick and classical attainments, has fully availed himself of the privileges of a second edition, has carefully revised his performance, and made many additions which will be acceptable to the student. We know not whether a more useful *abridgment* of this Science can be found. The respectable compiler has neither the redundancy of Watts, nor the dryness of Duncan. His motto, which is strikingly appropriate, well describes the salutary conciseness of this excellent manual.

Quicquid praecipies esto breves; ut cito dicta,
Percipiant animi dociles teneantque fideles,
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

Dr. ANDREWS has studied with attention, and abridged with judgment the most recent works which treat of Logick, as a rational and practical science, and not burdened with the trumpery of the schools. We are glad that he has rejected, as chaff, many ridiculous whims of the Aristotlean school, and in short, we can find nothing to blame in this little work, but the choice of the awkward abbreviation *compend* instead of compendium. Compend has no authority but that of Dr. Watts, who although a pious man and a tolerable poet, is by no means an elegant or a standard authour.

For The Port Folio.

BROWN'S AMERICAN REGISTER.

In a recent number of the Port Folio, having *announced* The American Register, by Mr. Brown, we perceive by the publick papers, that the 1st volume of this general Repository of History, Politicks and Science, is now published, and on a day so early as to afford a sufficient proof of the prompt talents, and persevering industry of the editor. It contains an accurate and impartial history of domestick and foreign politicks; a collection of diplomatick documents, a chronicle of all memorable events which happen in private life, and are generally interesting or reflect, a light on the actual condition of society, and manners; an abstract of the literary history of the times, with a view of British publications, and a sketch of Columbian literature, poetry, mortuary, and an abstract of all the laws passed in the first session of the Ninth Congress.

If we mistake not, Mr. B. is an admirer of the genius and eloquence of EDMUND BURKE. We honour both the taste and judgment of any man, who is an enthusiast in his partiality towards that calumniated statesman, who was one of the wisest as well as one of the most brilliant of those generous spirits, who have trolled the tongue, or exercised the pen, in support of doctrines, hostile to the factious humour of mankind. In particular, we honour Mr. Brown for his admiration of Burke, because we know that his partiality is of the pu-

rest kind, as in many political opinions we presume they are by no means in unison.

We cannot render Mr. Brown a more substantial service than by proposing to him to take for his model the Annual Register, as it was conducted for many years by Burke, with so much glory to himself, with so much emolument to his bookseller, and with so much instruction to his readers. Thus the first section, or historical department of the work might be devoted to a bird's-eye view both of domestick and foreign scenes. Here would be a fine opportunity for an artist with the genius of Mr. B. to employ the liveliest tinting, to dash *like Savage Rosa*, or *draw with learned Pousin.*

The next department, *The Chronicle of remarkable Events*, instead of being, like many meagre annals, a repulsive skeleton, composed of the dry bones of old gazettes, might be rendered remarkable for vivacity. The editor should be in the habit of preserving in his portfolio, curious or conspicuous incidents, sketches of extraordinary characters, narratives of memorable events, and in short, everything remarkable, occurring in the vicissitudes of the times. To these crude materials an editor, who disdained the vulgar track, might give both a body and soul. He might display not only industry and accuracy but genius and taste. In a neat and laconick style he might show all the adroitness of abridgment and much skill in the classing and grouping of objects, which a timid artist might despair even to sketch.

The next point, to which the eye of the editor should be directed, is the *collection and arrangement of state papers*. Here selection would be indispensably necessary. Much of the *tape-tied trash* of the American bureau might be thrown away as mere trumpery, but certain conspicuous acts should be religiously preserved.

Another department should exhibit *a gallery of the portraits of great men*. Than biography, nothing is more fascinating, nothing more instructive, nothing that is perused with greater avidity, or that excites a stronger interest. The lives of the illustrious in our own country, and, in particular, the mighty mass of British biography would always furnish excellent entertainment to the most fastidious reader.

Characters well pourtrayed would challenge a fixed attention ; and our country as well as Europe contains a multitude of *originals*.

Remarkable Trials and Law Reports, of a peculiarly, entertaining, or interesting nature, would not only edify the gentlemen of the bar, but might be selected with so much taste and judgment, as to amuse the mere miscellaneous reader.

The *Epistolary Correspondence* of men, eminent for their genius, would form a very interesting article.

Papers on topicks of Physical science or rural economy, useful Projects, Miscellaneous essays, Romantick adventures, Foreign and Domestick Literature, Criticism, and Poetry.

To fill this comprehensive outline, perhaps, many pencils are requisite. Mr. B. has ably executed his department, but it should seem that to his genius and industry, there should be superadded a wide correspondence, both foreign and domestick. This we hope to see accomplished.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

MISS KITTY HARD-TO-PLEASE.

I do not love a man that's tall,
A man that's little 's worse than all ;
I much abhor a man that's fat,
A man that's lean is worse than that ;
A young man is a constant pest,
An old man would my room infest ;

I do not like a man that's fair,
A man that's black I cannot bear;
A man of sense I could not rule,
And from my heart I hate a fool;
A sober man I will not take,
A drunken man my heart would break;
All these I do sincerely hate,
And yet I love the marriage state!

Answer by BOB WHAT YOU PLEASE.

Kitty! I'm the man for thee,
I'm neither tall nor slender,
Nor old nor young, come, treat with me,
I'm ready to surrender.

Nor grossly fat, nor ghostly spare,
Nor sedulous, nor slack, Miss,
Like puny boy I am not fair,
Nor like an Indian black, Miss.

Plain common sense, I do not lack,
And that's a lawful tender,
Yet I ne'er made an Almanack,
Nor saw the witch of Endor.

No sober mock-face lump am I,
That deems the bottle treason,
I'll stick to Bacchus while I'm dry,
But will not drown my reason.

So Kitty, if I please your mind,
With you I'd like to winter,
And when you wish my place to find,
Inquire of Mr. *Printer*.

Perhaps in no species of light and gay composition have the English excelled more than in many of those festal Songs, which are more than half a century old. Many of the modern airs are insipid and nonsensical enough, but some of those stanzas which our ancestors sang with glee, may be read with pleasure by some of their jocund sons.

Rail no more, ye learned asses,
Gainst the joys the bowl supplies,
Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
Wisdom at the bottom lies.

Fill them higher still, and higher;
Shallow draughts perplex the brain,
Sipping quenches all our fire,
Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for Wit and Pleasure,
Enter Jollity and Joy,
We for thinking have no leisure,
Manly mirth is our employ;
Since in life, there's nothing certain,
We'll the present hour engage,
And, when death shall drop the curtain,
With applause we'll quit the stage.

LOVE AND FOLLY.

Love disagreeing once with Folly,
Folly treated him unkind:
For 'tis a fact, most melancholy,
That she beat the urchin blind.

For vengeance, Venus sigh'd to heav'n,
As she sought the courts above;
Into the chancery she was driv'n,
On her breast lay little Love,

'Behold,' she cried, 'great justice-giver!
'Cupid now how blind and dark!
'What use henceforth shall be his quiver,
'What his hope to hit the mark?

'His wings in vain his body raising,
'He no more can take a flight,
'His torch however brightly blazing,
'Gives to him no ray of light!'

Silent at length, for Justice waiting,
Venus hung o'er hapless Love;
The court concluded soon debating,
And the sentence came from Jove:

It is decreed that Folly never
Shall in future quit his side,
But from this instant, and forever
Be to Love a constant guide.

The following is old as the October by which it might have been inspired, but its Philosophy gives it such a charm that even to sober eyes it may always seem new and graceful.

Fill your glasses, banish grief;
Laugh, and worldly care despise,
Sorrow ne'er will bring relief,
Joy from drinking will arise.
Why should we with wrinkled care,
Deform what nature made so fair?
Drink, and set the heart at rest;
Of a bad market make the best.

Busy brains, we know alas!
With imaginations run;
Like the sands i'th' hour glass
Turn'd, and turn'd, and still run on;
Never knowing where to stay,
But uneasy every way,
Drink, and set the heart at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honours high aspire;
Give me freedom, give me health,

There's the sum of my desire.
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content;
Drink, and set the heart at rest;
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,
Makes the heart alert and free;
Should it snow or rain or shine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me,
There's no fence against our fall,
Changes daily on us wait,
Drink, and set the heart at rest,
Of a bad market make the best.

For The Port Folio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONG.

Sweet as the balmy rose just blown,
Were Kitty's cheeks of blushing hue,
Her eyes like noon-day sunbeams shone,
Her lips were moist as ev'ning dew,
Oh lovely was my Kitty!

Her breath as morning Zephyrs sweet,
And tun'd to love, her constant heart,
'Twas rapture with my Kate to meet,
But ah! 'twas misery to part.
How blest was I with Kitty!

My Kitty died! her parting breath
Confess'd her heart was true to me,
Oh! soon my Kate we'll meet in death,
Oh soon sweet maid I'll come to thee!
He sunk and call'd on Kitty!

S.

For The Port Folio.

THE FALL OF ZAMPOR.

A Peruvian Ode.

Now Ruin lifts her haggard head,
And madly staring Horrour screams,
O'er yonder field, bestrew'd with dead,
See, how the lurid Lightning gleams!

Lo! mid the Terrours of the Storm,
From yonder black-brow'd cloud of night,
The mighty Capac's dreadful form
Bursts forth upon my aching sight.

But ah what phantoms flitting round,
Give double horrour to the gloom,
Each pointing to the ghastly wound
That sent him shroudless to the tomb.

On me they bend the scowling eye,
For me their airy arms they wave;
Oh stay, nor yet from Zampor fly,
We'll be companions——in the grave.

Dear victims of a Tyrant's rage,
They're gone—each shadowy form is fled;
Yet soon these hoary locks of age
Shall low as theirs in dust be laid.

Thou faithless sword, that harmless fell
Upon the haughty Spaniard's crest,
Swift to my swelling heart go tell
How deep thou'st pierc'd thy master's breast.

But shall proud Spain's destroying son
With transport smile on Zampor's fate;
No—e'er the deed of Death be done,
The Tyrant's blood shall glut my hate.

Yon forked flash with friendly glare
Points where his crimson'd banners fly,
Look down, ye forms of fleeting air,
I yet shall triumph, e'er I die.

He spoke—and, like a meteor's blaze,
Rush'd on the unguarded Spaniard's Lord;
Around his head the lightning plays,
Reflected from his brandish'd sword.

Great Capac, nerve the arm of age,
And guide it swift to Garcia's breast;
His pangs shall all my pangs assuage,
His death shall give my country rest.

"Ye powers, who thirst for human blood,
Receive this victim at your shrine"
—Aghast the circling warriours stood,
Nor could prevent the Chief's design.

"'Tis Garcia's crimson stream that flows
'Tis Zampor hurls him to his fate;
The authour of my country's woes
Now sinks—the victim of my hate."

From Garcia's breast the steel he drew,
And sheath'd it deep, within his own;
"I come, ye gods of lost Peru!"
He said——and dy'd, without a groan.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Why "*mutato nomine et loco*" I address you under my present signature, is my own secret. But I have particular reasons for wishing the appearance of the enclosed precisely as I send it. With esteem, I remain your friend.

ODE TO RUIN.

Scis bene, cui dicam positis pro nomine signis.

OVID De Tristibus.

"Ruthless ruin! awful power!
Who guid'st sublime thy iron car!
Who lov'st the solemn midnight hour,
When storms obscure each friendly star.

Come, and o'er my mind display,
Horrour's veil of deepest dye,
Come and with thy tyrant sway,
Stop, oh stop this rising sigh.

What have I with sighs to do!
Shall a fickle woman's frown,
Pale my cheek with death-like hue,
And my eyes in sorrow drown?

What tho' Laura false should prove?
Shall my haughty spirit bow?
Or shall vainly plighted love,
Dim with mists my lofty brow?

No! by all the powers sublime!
Which, Ruin, crowd around thy throne,
Never shall my youth's gay prime,
Such enervate weakness own.

Come then power sublime and dread!
Rob'd in clouds, in darkness, come,
Far around thy influence shed
Sable horrour's awful gloom."

Soon the sullen mists arise,
Midnight roll'd in clouds appears,
And the matron trembling flies,
To sooth her tender infant's fears.

Now the north wind swift ascending,
Sweeps the leafy forest wide;
And the storm in floods descending,
Swells with rage the mountain tide.

Vivid lightnings flash incessant,
Sheeted spectres burst the grave,
And with horrour struck, the Peasant
Flies for shelter to his cave.

Hark again the thunders roll,
Storms and Tempests howl around;
Sweetest musick to my soul,
How I love thy dreadful sound!

"Come then car-borne Ruin come,
Scenes like this my soul delight,
Come, while mid the storm I roam,
Guided by th' electrick light."

ZERBINO.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I enclose you a loose imitation of "La Viola simbola d'Amore" by Menzina. To you, who so well know the difficulty, or rather the impossibility of imitating with perfect success the tender delicacies of the Italian poets, I make no apology for its defects. Such as it is accept it from your, &c.

ASTOLPHO.

TO VIOLETTA.

The blooming rose let others praise,
Charm'd with the splendour of its rays.
The lovely Violet, I sing
Deck'd with every grace of Spring.
Modest flower of pallid hue
Sprinkled with the morning dew,
When upon thy verdant bed,
Thou dost raise thy languid head,
Oh thy paleness sure reveals
A heart which love of passion feels.
As th' enamoured maid appears
Sweetly smiling thro' her tears,
Dearest flow'ret thou dost seem,
Beauteous as the poet's dream.
Let the Bacchanalian gay,
Crown him with the rose of May;
Dear to ev'ry lover's heart,
When his sorrows he'd impart,
See he flies, with transport, see,
Lovely Violet to thee.

SONG.

Oh say from thy bosom why heaves the soft sigh,
Why fades the red bloom of thy cheek.
Why glistens the tear in thy lovely blue eye,
When with thee of parting I speak.
My sweetest Mary?

Inconstant to all its fond vows, can my heart
Deceitful to Mary e'er prove?
Or if Fate decrees that from thee I must part,
E'er cease to remember with Love
My sweetest Mary?

Then weep not dear girl if I leave thee behind,
My love shall forever endure;
Though beauty may fade, yet the charms of thy mind,
From falsehood my heart will secure
My sweetest Mary.

S.

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